

Feliciano P. Marchinio
Junior - Class Proj.

2007.01.07

CANAL



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APRIL, 1935

Faculty

KEMPTON J. COADY, Principal—Geometry, Business Arithmetic, Household Physics.

WALTER STAHLURA	RUTH DEXTER
Biology, Physics, Advanced Mathematics	Home Economics
SARAH H. MOODY	EDGAR L. DEMERS
History, Latin, Com. Geog.	Physical Education and Manual Training
ALICE G. TAPPER	PAULINE NEWINGTON
English, Public Speaking	Supervisor of Music
H. ELIZABETH DILL	JAMES F. PEEBLES
History, English I, Civics	Superintendent of Schools
ELOISE COMTOIS	SCHOOL COMMITTEE
French, Algebra	Dr. George W. Dainty
RUTH MARR	Mrs. Maurice Johnson
Commercial Subjects	Mr. Harold Gibbs

MAGAZINE STAFF CLASS OF 1936

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Associate Editor	Jane Raymond
Advertising Managers	Burgess Brownson Mary McNamara
Business Manager	Carleton Handy
Athletics	John Smith Elizabeth Van Buskirk
Alumni News	Guy Cristofori Anthony Tassinari
Wit and Humor	Bertha Merritt Loring Huntley
Schools News	Robert Poland
Faculty Adviser	Alice G. Tapper

DEDICATION

To show our sincere appreciation of her kind, considerate, and friendly coöperation and interest in our activities, we, the Class of 1936, dedicate our issue of "Canal Currents" to our home-room teacher

MISS RUTH D. MARR



EDITORIALS

EDITOR'S COMMENT

This year we have tried to take a stride ahead with the ideal of giving our readers more for their money. In past years, the magazine has been a Junior class project with all material coming from that class. This year, although the Juniors are managing the magazine, we decided to include literary material from all classes in the high school. We have "scouted" with the proverbial eagle's eye for material, and we have found that which we believe will be of interest to our subscribers.

We need not remind you of the crowded condition which exists in our high school at present. There are only two other schools in the present B. H. S. class on the Cape. However, by next October, we shall be enjoying a new school building.

Because of some false rumors, and some ill feeling caused by these false rumors, we are including in the magazine a special article on the new building as well as a set of outline plans copied from the original plans in Mr. Peebles' office.

We are happily indebted to the townspeople for their approving the new much-needed addition to our high school.

D. Ingerson, '36.

MODERN ADVERTISING

The merchants of times long gone past, did not advertise their products as advertising is done today. No indeed, they let the merits of their products be their advertising agent. Their high pressure salesmen were merely the housewives gossiping to their neighbors of the porkchops they had from "Schultz's Butcher Shoppe" or the fine shoes they got from "Peter's Bootee Shoppe". The inn keepers were about the only ones to advertise at all. In front of their inn they would have a carving of a telescope for the "Spy Glass Inn" or a painting of a pirate for the "Buccaneer's Rest". This is entirely different from modern advertising of today. Why even in this room I can see a placard advertising basket ball

games. Hardly a day goes by in which an advertisement, of some sort, is not received in the mail and if it wasn't for advertising hardly a program would be heard on the radio.

There are a thousand and one methods of advertising in use today. Billboards line the country roads for miles. The papers and magazines are supported by the ads in them. In every theater there is a reel of film advertising the products of merchants in that town. Airplanes fly through the air dumping tons of advertising matter over the side. In every parade there is a line of trucks advertising some product on banners.

On the whole, advertising has no real meaning. "The Pure Food and Drug Act" purified the product itself, and to-day no product can be misrepresented by the label on the container. This act, however, doesn't say anything about advertising. The ads can say what they please and there is nothing to stop it. Take toothpaste for example. All toothpaste manufacturers say their paste is the best; but the main ingredient is the same in every one, Sodium Oxychloride, which is merely salt and water, chemically combined.

Advertising on the whole is nothing but keeping the name of something before the public eye. These advertisers believe in Barnum's saying "There's one born every minute". I am going to pass on to you this definition of an advertisement. "An advertisement is nothing but a picture of a pretty girl eating, drinking, wearing, holding, smoking or driving something to be sold."

Stanley Cook, '36.

TRANSPORTATION

Today most of the world goes places at a greater rate of speed and in far greater luxury and ease than was thought ever possible half a century ago. To the average person of that period, traveling eighty miles an hour, crossing the ocean in five days, or flying through the air from coast to coast in one day would be crazy dreams that could never come true.

We of the present generation who have these things can not imagine life without them. How dull and inconvenient would be a new existence without a car, train or airplane.

But what of the great number of lives lost each year in the accidents that seem bound to occur?

The number of deaths that have resulted from sea disasters in recent months is shocking. The reason for them has not been found. Each of the last three was on a fast, luxurious liner—crowded with vacation-seekers. Approximately one hundred and seventy-two people lost their lives on two of these. Surely these catastrophes have struck fear into the hearts of travelers.

The death rate due to automobile accidents is truly a disgraceful thing. In nineteen hundred thirty-three, nearly thirty thousand people were killed in accidents . . . and more than eight hundred and fifty thousand were injured, and this past year the death rate was over thirty six thousand. A good many people devote the greater part of their lives to the designing of faster automobiles. Is it not ironical then that these man-invented machines are so responsible for loss of life and cause so much suffering?

Mary McNamara.

BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA SILVER JUBILEE

It is particularly fitting this year for the Junior magazine to include a brief outline of the Boy Scouts of America who are celebrating their 25th anniversary during 1935.

Early in 1910, the idea of introducing the Boy Scout movement along lines similar to those of the English Boy Scouts, which had been organized in 1907 and developed under the personal supervision of Sir Robert S. S. Baden-Powell, was first proposed by Mr. W. W. Boyce of Chicago. It is significant that Mr. Boyce's interest was occasioned because of an actual service rendered him in true Scout spirit by a London Boy Scout, in fulfilment of his obligation to do a Good Turn daily without compensation.

Mr. Boyce secured the cooperation of friends in Washington, D. C., and with the active assistance of Mr. Colin H. Livingstone and Mr. R. W. Gates, proceeded to incorporate an organization of the Boy Scouts of America under the laws of the District of Columbia. This was effectively accomplished on February 8, 1910. Due to the development of the movement it later became expedient to secure Federal incorporation which was done by special act of Congress in June 1916.

The year 1911 saw troops springing up in every state. The first national Good Turn occurred in the next year in a campaign for a safe and sane Fourth of July. Also during the

year 1912 Sea Scouting began, and "Boys' Life" was purchased. Some of the outstanding Good Turns at this time were help in the suffrage parade held in Washington, D. C., first aid work during the disastrous Ohio River floods in 1913, and service in connection with the fiftieth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg.

When the United States entered the World War, Scouts placed all their resources at the services of the government. They sold 2,350,977 Liberty Bonds totalling \$147,876,962; War Stamps to a value of \$53,043,698; located 20,758,660 board feet of walnut and the equivalent of a hundred carloads of fruit pits. Over thirty million pieces of Government literature were distributed and ceaseless service rendered in other ways, including food and fuel conservation.

After the war the Scouts continued to help by aiding in Americanization work. The first Roosevelt Pilgrimage was held in 1919, and the first World Jamboree in London, England, in 1920.

During the times of disaster such as fire, flood and tornado, the scouting record was exceptional and yet they did not neglect the outdoor program, winter camping, wilderness camping, and trail building. The Scouts carried on and carry on these activities.

In 1926 Lord Baden-Powell visited the United States and took part in the annual meeting of the National Council, and received the first award of the Silver Buffalo for distinguished service to boyhood.

The events of the later years are too numerous to mention, including the eight Sea Scouts who went on the Borden-Field Museum Expedition to Bering Sea, the three Scouts who went with the Martin Johnson Expedition to Africa, Paul Siple who went with Admiral Byrd to the South Pole, the Lincoln Highway covered-wagon tour, and numerous other thrilling affairs.

In celebrating the Silver Jubilee of the Boy Scouts of America plans are being completed for a National Jamboree in Washington, D. C. It is hoped that a representative from each troop in the nation will be present to make up a body of 30,000 campers.

Sixty-five percent of the men students of America's colleges were Boy Scouts, according to William G. Heisel, president of the Butler-Armstrong Council of Scouts.

Basing his figures on a recent survey, Heisel said that 60 percent of all football captains on college teams were Scouts at one time during their careers.

He declared that more than 1,000,000 Scouts are enrolled today while approximately 6,400,000 have been enrolled since the organization's founding 25 years ago.

Loring Huntley, '36.

CLASS OF 1936



First row (left to right): C. Handy; S. Cook, F. Christopoulos, D. Ingerson.

Second row: J. Raymond, M. Lamborghini, A. Casanova, B. Merritt, L. Marchisio, D. Casagrandi, M. McNamara, E. Van Buskirk, C. Spencer.

Third row: A. Tapper (faculty adviser); G. Cristofori, J. Palmer, R. Metcalf, D. McDermott, M. Smith, A. Tassinari, W. Barbour, A. Young, W. Howard.

Fourth row: R. Poland, W. Sanford, J. Smith, B. Brownson, L. Huntley, C. Neal, M. Lazaro, L. Fogg, D. Gallerani.

Those absent at time picture was taken: M. Griffith, M. Fisher, B. Ansaloni, A. Hunt.

CLASS OF 1936

ANSALONI, ALBA (Al)

Entered from Sagamore G. S.; General Course.

BARBOUR, WAUNETA C.

Bourne G. S.; Commercial Course.

BROWNSON, BURGESS

Bourne G. S.; College Course; Shawme Orchestra (1), (2), (3); School Band (3); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

CASAGRANDI, DOROTHY (Dot)

Sagamore G. S.; College Course; Class Secretary-treasurer (2).

CASANOVA, ALBA (Pete)

Bourne G. S.; General Course.

CHRISTOPULOS, FLORENCE (Flossy)

Bourne G. S.; College Course; Class Secretary (3); Dramatics (1), (2).

COOK, STANLEY E. (Cookie)

Junior High, East Arlington, Mass.; General Course; Upper Cape Symphony Concert (1); Class Vice-President (3).

CRISTOFORI, GUY R. (Woppy)

Bourne G. S.; Commercial Course; Dramatics (2); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

FISHER, MARGARET (Peggy)

Sagamore G. S.; General Course.

FOGG, LESTER

Scarboro High School, Scarboro, Maine; General Course.

GALLERANI, DANTE (Goony)

Sagamore G. S.; Commercial Course; Football (2), (3).

GRIFFITH, MAYNARD L.

Bourne G. S.; Commercial Course; Basketball (1), (2), (3).

HANDY, CARLETON T.

Bourne G. S.; College Course; Class Treasurer (3); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

HOWARD, WILLIAM (Lefty)

Bourne G. S.; College Course (1); General Course (2), (3).

HUNT, ANNIE

Bourne G. S.; Commercial Course.

HUNTLEY, HAROLD LORING

Bourne G. S.; Commercial (1), (2); General (3); Student Council (1), (3); Shawme Orchestra (1), (2), (3); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

INGERSON, DAVID LEWIS

Sagamore G. S.; Class President (2), (3); Student Council; "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

LAMBORGHINI, MARJORIE E. (Margy)

Sagamore G. S.; General Course; Dramatics (2).

LANDERS, THOMAS BION (Bi)

Bourne G. S.; General Course; Football (3).

LAZARO, MATHIAS J. (Mart)

Bourne G. S.; General Course; Commercial Course.

MARCHISIO, LILLIAN P. (Lil)

Sagamore G. S.; Commercial Course.

McDERMOTT, DOROTHY

Bourne G. S.; General Course.

McNAMARA, MARY B. (Sis)

Bourne G. S.; General Course; Dramatics (2); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

METCALF, ROBERT C.

Sagamore G. S.; Commercial Course (1), (2); General (3); Football Manager (2), (3); Shawme Orchestra (1), (2), (3); Upper Cape Symphony Concert (1).

MERRITT, BERTHA L.

Bourne G. S.; College Course; "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

NEAL, CHARLES A.

Bourne G. S.; College Course; Shawme Orchestra (1), (2), (3); Dramatics (2).

PALMER, JANE

Sagamore G. S.; Commercial Course.

POLAND, ROBERT E.

English High School; College Course; Football (3); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

RAYMOND, JANE

Bourne G. S.; College Course; "Canal Currents" Staff (3); Shawme Orchestra (1), (2), (3); Dramatics (2).

SANFORD, WILLIAM W. (Bill)

Bourne G. S.; College Course; Basketball (1), (2), (3); Baseball Manager (2).

SMITH, JOHN L. (Poki)

Mechanics Arts High, Boston; Mechanics Course (1); General (2), (3); Football (1), (2), (3); Baseball (2); Basketball (2); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

SMITH, MARY E.

Phillips Grammar School, Salem; College Course.

SPENCER, CAROLYN (Cal)

Bourne G. S.; College Course; Basketball (3); Dramatics (2).

TASSINARI, ANTHONY (Fazzo)

Sagamore G. S.; Commercial Course; Class President (1); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

VAN BUSKIRK, EVANGELINE E. (Babe)

Henry T. Wing High School, Sandwich; General Course; Field Hockey (1); Basketball (1), (2), (3); "Canal Currents" Staff (3).

YOUNG, AMY E.

Bourne G. S.; College Course.



LITERARY

A VISIT TO AN OLD ENGLISH INN

While touring England I decided to visit an old Inn. True Englishmen call them Taverns but we will be safe in assuming that they are also much like our own road-side homes, which are justly called Inns. Having heard of the interesting facts that could be discovered in a visit to one of these, a friend and I drove to a typical old Inn located in the northern part of England.

Upon arriving at our destination, we saw an old, gray house. I call it gray for courtesy's sake. It really was a dirty white house badly in need of repainting. The house sat on the foundation much like a stout lady sitting on a small chair; it bulged over. There were several rickety, rock chimneys; anyone seeing these immediately thought of the Leaning Tower of Pisa. A muddy road led the passenger to the front door. Usually he preferred to walk, well knowing that the coach or carriage would sink up to the hubs in mud. The windows were made of small panes of glass, and anyone attempting to look in or out of them probably would think he was looking at a dense fog, because of the dingy glass. The walls and ceilings were covered with heavy beams blackened and aged by the smoke from many a cheery fire. The floors were rough and filled with uneven cracks; any one with a spark of imagination could almost visualize a fat, red faced gentlemen with his toe securely caught in one of those large openings.

Soon after our arrival, the landlord, a stout, jovial gentleman, went to the cellar and brought some sparkling ale for our refreshment. Having quenched our thirst we wandered through the house enjoying every bit of its quaintness. Finally, tiring of these interesting surroundings, we prepared to depart.

Our last glimpse of the old inn proved a delightful one; for the jolly landlord with his pipe clenched between teeth, which were few and far between, stood in the doorway waving us an amiable goodbye..

Jean Gale Coady, '37.

SNOW

"Charlie, you might, instead of reading a magazine, go out and shovel the sidewalk before the melting snow freezes and makes the walk icy!"

"I suppose I might; but this is a good story—"

"Just suppose I said that every time you—!"

"All right. All right. Don't get so excited. I suppose it will do me some good to get out!"

The man of the house put on an old felt hat, a heavy coat, and a pair of gloves in preparation for the job ahead. Then the silence was broken.

"Charlie, how about rubbers?"

"It would be much easier to stay in and read my magazine," was the answer.

"Go ahead, and get a cold, but don't ask me to give you some drops, or something to rub on your throat—except soap!"

An hour later there was stamping and puffing in the back hall, and then the man enters with visions of reading in peace.

Fifteen minutes of peace ensued. Again the silence was broken by a sound beginning low and ending in high C.

"Charlie!"

"What is wrong, now?"

"Now? Why you didn't finish the first job!"

"What do you mean?"

"Take a good look at that sidewalk, and tell me whether or not anyone could walk there or the car come into the driveway."

He dropped his magazine, and with a groan arose to look out the window. "Oh! that darn snow-plow has been by!"

The door closed with a bang and again the walk was shoveled, with much less vigor. Well, it was all cleared now, and with the exception of his back, he felt fine.

"I'm going to read my magazine, now, even if all the snow from the North Pole slides over that sidewalk!"

Again, he settled himself comfortably and took up his magazine. His eyes focussed on the spot where he had left off reading—"The beautiful snow glistened—"!

Wham! he book slammed on the floor.

"I'm going to bed!"

Robert Poland, '36.

A ROOKIE IN THE WORLD WAR

It was the night before the grand drive of the Germans and Dick Jackson was trying hard to get some sleep. He had just finished a letter to the girl that he was going to marry and also one to his folks. His closest friend, George Chase, had also written to his folks and he and Dick had exchanged letters, hoping that one would live through the battle that was to take place at dawn. The one that did live would be able to send the messages.

Dick's companions were grouped around in the small muddy dug-outs,—some playing cards, some talking in low tones and most all were smoking to calm their nerves. Others were trying to get some sleep as was Dick; but this was almost impossible. Everyone was wondering if he would ever live to get back to the good old U. S. A.

Because of the enemy trenches being so close, loud talking was forbidden and matches could not be used unless they were lit under cover. This was carried out because of the possibility of giving away the location of the troops in the trenches. Occasionally flares and rockets would light up the sky to expose scouting parties from both sides. The calm which often comes before a storm existed. At last Dick dozed off and awoke to hear the first of the German artillery getting into action.

Wheeeeeee - - craaaaash! Wheeeeeee - - currrrump!

The shells were coming thicker and faster. Most of the men were awake by now and were getting ready for what was to come. The shelling always came first to clear a way for the infantry. Some shells were filled with gas and along the line came the command to put on gas masks.

It was now 5:20. Cartridges were put in place for quick firing, bayonets were fixed, and here and there could be seen men preparing their hand grenades for a quick toss. These round missiles played an important part in breaking up an attack of the enemy. They were small bombs filled with powder and pieces of iron and other scraps, so that when they went off the pieces would fly in all directions.

Most of the shells landed before or behind the trenches, so few men were hurt. Suddenly all was still; the shelling had stopped and it was 5:30.

"Here they come," was the cry along the line; and as Dick looked over the rampart he saw gray blurry figures moving slowly toward him. Machine guns opened up and, combined with the rifle fire, the noise was deafening.

As Dick worked his rifle bolt he fumbled and dropped cartridges. He was so nervous his first few shots had no effect on the gray mass. But now he became calmer and carefully took aim at a gray object and fired. It stumbled and fell. Then another and another—until his rifle barrel was too hot to hold in his hands.

Now the Germans were at the trench edge and as Dick rushed to meet a giant form he saw that George was at his side. No time for shooting now—the German was upon him. Before the gray figure could swing his well-aimed bayonet at Dick's head, Dick thrust aside the enemy's rifle and lunged at his opponent's stomach with all his strength. But this had to be done again, for another man filled the place of his companion and was about to run George through when Dick swung his bayoneted rifle. The enemy fell without a cry. Upon looking around a bayonet point came sliding through the space between Dick's arm and body and the impact of the blow sent him over backwards. This time the German tried to make up for the last miss by a well directed stab to Dick's throat. This time George went to the rescue and when the blade was half-way upon its victim he fired. He was too late, for as the man fell dead his bayonet pierced Dick's shoulder, and a bayonet found its way into George's back from behind.

But aid had come from the second line trenches and with a yell the reenforcements bore down on the Germans. With this help, the enemy was driven back and the wounded were taken care of.

George and Dick awoke from unconsciousness in a hospital to find that the war was over. With a feeble yet happy exclamation, they both whispered, "Hurrah!"

C. Grant Ellis, '37.

YOUTH AND A NEWSPAPER ROUTE

For many years now I have delivered the New Bedford Times, New Bedford Standard-Times, and for a while the Boston Globe. It was not until recently that I realized the actual value of my sideline. I can see now that newspaper carrying provides a preliminary business training as well as health and profit.

Correspondents and reporters may gather the news and the publishers print and circulate it, but it is up to the carriers to deliver this news to the majority of people at their homes.

As for business training, well that explains itself when you consider the facts that people of different moods and varying tempers have to be met, accounts and collections kept up to date, and reports of progress or otherwise have to be made to the office every so often.

One of the greatest advantages of the business world today is knowing how to meet different people and handling them diplomatically, at the same time making them feel you know their likes and dislikes. Newspaper carrying trains one immensely along this line: at least it has me.

Another value of delivering papers is the healthful atmosphere it affords one. I do not go out for any sports at school, yet, the route keeps me in condition. Riding a bicycle or walking for an hour each day pays rich dividends to the mental and physical structure of the body.

That is all well and good when the weather is crisp and clear or sunny and warm, but it is not all fun when the bitter winds howl, or when it is snowing or raining hard. Sometimes the snow, and yes, the puddles, too, are a foot or more deep. All these weather conditions prepare one to meet the rigors of outdoors as cheerfully as possible, and gives him a feeling of triumph in conquering the elements, on a small scale.

The business training and healthful benefits of the route are also helped by a small profit in cash. Sometimes a wave of prosperity hits me and I feel somewhat awed at the fairly large sum of money I am able to call a profit; these waves are few and far apart for the boss comes around promptly every Monday morning and manages to collect about all the money I may take in for the bill.

Altogether, I would say, the business and health end of delivering papers outweighs the profit in money. I believe a few years on a good route has a big influence on one's later life, and if it were possible I would recommend at least a few weeks on a newspaper route for every boy in his youth. The experience gained is invaluable, although he may not realize it. Of course, delivering papers is only a sideline or some might even call it a hobby, yet I believe a newspaper route does influence youth to some extent.

Loring Huntley, '36.

“CECIL AND THE CANNON”

In the history of a certain, small Cape Cod village we would find, if we took the time to look, a rousing story of patriotism and romance. Perhaps, today, a dose of that good, old fashioned patriotism would cure us of the state of dol-drums we seem to be in. Anyway, let's listen to old Capt'n Jed, that old-time mariner who loves to spin yarns.

Now lemme see—Why, I guess 'twas 'long 'bout 1865 when Isaiah Phinney cast a special cannon down at the village foundry. Now, that there cannon was some beauty—let me tell you! Fust, we had to decide jest what we should do with it. Wal—we had a meetin' at the village hall—Captain Zabdiel Phineas Snow presided. (Humph;—“Captain”—an' bet he niver handled a tiller). As usual, the ladies tried to run away with the whole show but—no, sir!—fer once we stuck to our guns—and by gum fer once we won! The cannon was to be anchored on Memorial Hill right 'long side the flagpole.

Now, believe me, young fellar—'twarn't no easy job to hoist that cannon up there. Captain Zabdiel Phineas Snow owned 'bout the strongest horse in the village but when we asked him for it he said somethin' 'bout strainin' his “inards”—meanin' the horse, I reckon.—(No danger o' straining Captain Zabdiel Phineas Snow's pocketbook—lest 'twas from tryin' to save too much in it!) Wal—we finally hoisted the cannon up there—Ed, he did the worst part—and set it jest aft' of the bow of the hill. My, but it did look purty!

On the fourth of July the women folk made bags for the cartridges for the gun and ivery time a vessel put into port that day they saluted with a shot from the cannon. Jest at sunset they shot the “sunset gun”—I can see it now—jest as plain as if 'twas today.

Now, there was a romance in the village. Little Mary Ann had two suitors—an' lemme tell you—they certainly gave the womenfolk something to talk about at Ladies' Aid meetin's. One lad, Ed—was a nice young fellar in our own village—and the other one—a fellar from the next town which wasn't a thousand miles distance. He'd been away to the city—oh, he had those hi-falutin' ways that all the girls liked—but he didn't have much luck with Mary Ann.

This other fellar, Cecil, got up a gang of fellars one night an' while we was all peacefully sleepin' (an' snorin' too—I reckon) they took the cannon.—Yes, sir!—jest like that! Wal, we didn't know where 'twas first along but Ed, there—he was pretty mad.

Long 'bout this time Cecil was first in Mary Ann' eyes. She was a great admirer of bravery—that girl! Reckon Ed warn't feelin' so all-mighty happy either. 'Bout a month later Ed, he was a'actin' awful funny—and I knew something was in the air but I couldn't figure out whether it was a storm or sunny weather. Wal, Ed, he comes to me next day—all happy an' bright—and says that everythin's all ship-shape with Mary Ann. Seems Ed had made it sorta unhealthy round these parts for Cecil.

Would you believe it? 'Twarn't 'til 'bout a couple of years after Ed and Mary Ann were married that Cecil hove into port again. Wal, he starts a-teasin' Ed—who's really a peace-lovin' critter—'bout the "nice cannon we useter have! Ed didn't say nothin' but that night I heard a gang o' fellows go by in a wagon by the back road—'But three hours later I heard 'em comin' back. Someone knocked on my window and whispered, "Capt'n Jed—are yo there?" I got up and—gosh-a-mighty! there was Ed and the cannon. Wal, we hid it in the barn under Melindy, (thet's my wife) under Melindy's old feather mattresses.

Next mornin' Cecil didn't show up agin—we knowed he didn't like to be laughed at!—That afternoon, whin I was out in the boat shop, putterin' around—Mary Ann appeared at the door. She looked at me sorta suspiciously an' said, "You're a great friend of Ed's, aren't you, Capt'n Jed?"

An' I said, "Yep!—an' I'm proud to be! He's done something this village orter thank him for—but they won't know much about it I reckon—leastways—not if he has his way 'bout it. Why, child!—he's a hero—nothing like this here Cecil fellar!"

Mary Ann—she sorta blushed an' said—“Well Captain Jed, I always did think Ed was a hero but he would have taken an awful long time to propose if it hadn't been for Cecil!”

Margaret Matheson, '35.

FRANKNESS

When anyone says, “To be perfectly frank,”
As preface to further remark,
I know he's about to say things that are rank
To which I must patiently hark.

He'll haul all my faults into pitiless light,
And strip the truth woefully crude.
For “frankness” implies, if I read it a-right,
“Get ready, I'm going to be rude”.

No one ever say, “To be perfectly frank,
I think you are noble and smart.”
Oh no! It's a sign they're preparing to yank
Your character roughly apart.

So when “to be frank” is the opening phrase,
I shudder, prepare to endure
Opinions of all my actions and ways,
Which will not be pleasant, I'm sure.

We say we want frankness from all of our friends,
But when it comes down to a test,
We find that our comradeship frequently ends,
Through frankness too frankly expressed.

So neither your character, brother, nor mine,
Of fault and of follies is blank.
Then let us forget them; we'll get along fine,
By not being perfectly frank.

Charles A. Neal, 36.

THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE

The streets were dimly lit for it was dusk when lights do little good. The fog had just begun to roll in so thick that you could hardly see your hand before your face. It was a typical London night.

As I walked down Doyle Street the fog rolling around the corners brought to mind a little poem by Carl Sandburg.

“The Fog comes
on little cat feet.
It sits looking over
harbor and city on
silent haunches and
then moves on.”

I had just passed my friend Ambassador Packard’s house when a man, a total stranger to me, came up to me and tapped me on the shoulder. “I have something important for you,” he said, “Follow me.”

I followed him for a block or perhaps more to an apartment. He entered what I presumed to be his suite where he waved me to a chair. Then he handed me a note with instructions to get out of England and never return.

I was so amazed I could say nothing and was in the street before I knew what it was all about. On opening the note I found it to be written in Spanish, a language I can not translate. Being near my friend Packard’s house, I went to him. He looked at the note and handed it back telling me to leave the country—that he never wanted to see me again. He said, if I hadn’t been a friend of his he would turn me over to the Police.

All this left me very much in the dark. I had been walking down the street tending to my own affairs when out of the sky dropped this curious incident. Naturally, I wanted to get to the bottom of it. I decided to go to a very good friend of mine, Don Baccho, a restaurant manager. “Hello! Jackson,” he cried when I entered.

“Hello, yourself”, I replied.

I told him about my affair and asked him to read the note to me and enlighten me.

He read the note and to my surprise told me the very same thing as the ambassador had shortly before said to me only in more compact form.

"Get out!"

I was at my wits end when suddenly a bright thought struck me. When I was in the north woods of Scotland a few years before, I met a hermit who was a very learned man.

As I was in need of a vacation I made arrangements to go to him for a few days.

On arriving in Tain I went to the rooming house to prepare for my trip to the Hermit's in the morning.

The next morning, bright and early, I set out on a fifteen kilo hike to the Hermit's.

I arrived at noon after an uneventful morning. The Hermit was very pleased to see me and at once took me to my room.

A few minutes of cleaning up made a new man of me.

I decided to get my business over with so I told him the whole story exactly as it happened. He thought a moment, then spoke, "I am an old man who never intends to return to civilization. It will never matter to me, so I'll read the note to you after supper tonight."

The afternoon passed away very slowly for me. First I tried to pass away time reading, but found that uninteresting, so I went fishing. About four-thirty he called me to supper.

I went to the house, washed, and went out to the fire. We cooked over an open fire and sat around it to eat. The meal was delicious.

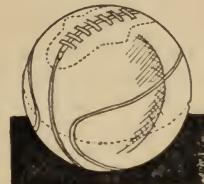
After it was over we took our pipes to smoke. I handed the note to the Hermit. He took plenty of time to get settled but at length slowly unfolded the note, and, just as he was about to read it, it fell into the fire and was burned.

Richard Jordan, '35.

The Junior Class greatly appreciates the generous patronage of the Advertisers who have helped to make this issue of "Canal Currents" a success.



ATHLETICS



1934—BASKETBALL—1935

Under the guidance of Coach Demers the Bourne High Basketball team has obtained the championship of Cape Cod. Completing its successful season with only one defeat to mar its season record, against twelve wins, Bourne High finishes its schedule with the best record of any Cape team, thus laying claim to the Championship of Cape Cod.

SCHEDULE

Dec. 19—Bourne 32; Kingston 12.
Jan. 5—Bourne 37; Tabor Junior Varsity 16.
Jan. 11—Bourne 28; Falmouth 26.
Jan. 18—Bourne 31; Sandwich 26.
Jan. 26—Wareham 24; Bourne 22.
Feb. 1—Bourne 35; Alumni 16.
Feb. 8—Bourne 26; Falmouth 17.
Feb. 15—Bourne 27; Harwich 22.
March 1—Bourne 32; Sandwich 28.
March 5—Bourne 45; Kingston 18.
March 8—Bourne 39; Harwich 18.
March 12—Bourne 31; Alumni 22.
March 15—Bourne 31; Wareham 30.

VARSITY

LF. Johnson
RF, Wagner
C, H. Nightingale
LG, Porter
RG, Hurley
Chase
Griffith

JUNIOR VARSITY

LF, P. Sanford
RF, M. Harris
C, B. Sanford
LG, G. Nightingale
RG, P. Neal

VOLLEY BALL

Volley ball was played by the physical education class this winter. Scheduled games were played with keen competition, to decided the volley ball champions of the school.

19 FOOTBALL 34

Bourne High School enjoyed a very successful football season under the able leadership of "Pop" McGowan who took the burden of coaching while Coach Demers was temporarily laid up with an injured ankle.

"Bing" Swift rated all Cape guard for the second successive year.

Sept. 29—Bourne 0; Kingston 0.
Oct. 6—Bourne 15; Yarmouth 0.
Oct. 12—Bourne 20; Holbrook 6.
Oct. 20—Bourne 0; Falmouth 0.
Nov. 3—Bourne 13; Provincetown 0.
Nov. 10—Wareham 31; Bourne 6.
Nov. 19—Bourne 7; Yarmouth 6.
Nov. 24—Bourne 0; Leicester 0.
Nov. 29—Wareham 7; Bourne 0.

Lineup: le, Bobba; lt, Gallerani; lg, Landers; c, Gibbs; rg, Swift; rt, Smith; re, H. Nightingale; qb, Ferretti; lhb, Porter, Capt.; rhb, Gonella; fb, George.

Substitutes: Allen, P. Neal, Poland, W. Young, Earl, R. Harris, G. Nightingale, Pellegrini.

Managers: Metcalf and Fisher.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' athletic season this year was not entirely a success. Perhaps there were many reasons for this. The main one might be considered lack of enthusiasm. However, we hope that next year, with the new gymnasium and showers, that a large number of girls will report for the various sports activities.

Not enough girls reported for the field-hockey to form a team.

Basketball was a little more successful, but it, too, was handicapped by a lack of girls.

The line-up this year:—

Forwards—J. Stockley, E. Reynolds, E. Dill,
E. Van Buskirk.

Guards—C. Spencer, D. Ryan.

Side-Center—M. Reynolds.

Centers—M. Avery, K. Ellis.

The following basketball games were played:—

Bourne Alumni at Bourne.

Falmouth at Falmouth.

Plymouth at Plymouth.

Plymouth at Bourne.

Sandwich at Sandwich.

E. V. B.

DONATORS TO SENIOR GROCERY BASKETS

The senior class wishes to express its thanks and appreciation to the following who have so generously contributed to the baskets:

A & P.—North Falmouth
L. E. Swift Market—Cataumet
F. K. Irwin—Cataumet
P. D. Gibbs Market—Cataumet
A. Casanova—Cataumet
Phinney and Fuller—Pocasset
Mr. Murphy—Pocasset
Mr. Millet—Monument Beach
Pete's Lunch—Monument Beach

Blue Shop—Monument Beach
Mr. Douglas—Bourne
H. Crosby—Buzzards Bay
Canal View Lodges—Bourndale
First National—Sagamore
B. B. Crosby—Sagamore
S. H. Gurney—Sagamore
A. Ansaloni—Sagamore



SCHOOL NEWS

1. As the new building takes shape and the seniors look it over, it looks as though we might have a large class of P. G.'s next year!

2. Mr. Stahura values his freshmen and sophomores, and he protects them in his own way by keeping the juniors and seniors on the second floor. That's tough on some of us!

3. The orchestra that we've had at a few of our basketball games proved to be quite an added attraction this year.

4. Many of the seniors had pictures taken this year. Some were satisfied, but a few thought the pictures looked too natural!

5. The Dramatic Club presented successfully on January 16, the three-act comedy, "Captain Applejack", under the direction of Miss Tapper. The following took part:

W. Hurley, A. Johnson, B. Swift, A. Gonella, R. Ferretti, R. Philbrick, C. Bianco, E. Porter, E. Wentworth, B. Harris, R. Gibbs, K. Porter, A. Peterson, H. Nightingale.

The stage managers were: S. Days, R. Chase, and B. Brownson.

The business managers were: L. Puukka, and B. Dill.

The scenery, designed and painted by the art classes, under Mrs. Hurley's direction, added much to the performance.

6. The Public Speaking class, which is in its second year, has been organized into a club. The following offices have been elected:

President—Kenneth Porter.

Vice-President—Bertha Merritt.

Secretary—Stanley Cook.

7. The following assemblies were held this year. Each one was supervised by a member of the faculty:

COLUMBUS DAY—Mr. Stahura supervising. The Rev. Charles Hutchinson of Sagamore spoke on Columbus and the need of young adventurers for the future.

CHRISTMAS—supervised by Mr. Coady. The new moving-picture camera was used for the first time, and a few reels showing our football team in action were shown. An original sketch—“School Daze”—was presented by some members of the school.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY—supervised by Miss Dill. Several pupils read selections pertaining to Lincoln's life. Richard Cristofori was the big star of the program! Barbara Harris, and Frederick Hepditch gave two musical selections.

THE THANKSGIVING DAY PROGRAM was supervised by Miss Marr. The special feature of this program was a group of harmonica selections by our harmonica quartette, William Howard, Stanley Cook, Lester Fogg, and Taber Perry.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY—supervised by Miss Comtois. Many pupils who had never taken part in an assembly program before took part in this one and gave fine performances. The special feature was the singing of a few appropriate songs by the newly-formed Girls' Glee Club.

8. Thirteen boys from Bourne High attended the Older Boys' Conference at Falmouth on March 9. A banquet, and a basketball game were the added attractions of this gathering. Albert Johnson and William Hurley played on the basketball team for the Upper Cape, Hurley acting as captain for the group.

THE PUBLIC SPEAKING CLASS

We, the Public Speaking Class of '34 and '35, feel that we have established in ourselves by our attendance and application more poise, stability, and an improved speaking ability.

We have given many speeches, read and recited poetry, and even ventured giving a formal debate in our class-room.

A few were brave enough to speak in public! On the evening of February 15, four of the class debated before the Bourne W. C. T. U. on the subject, "Resolved, that the sale of intoxicating liquors should be prohibited in this town." The debate was apparently enjoyed by everyone present. Those who took part were Henrietta Stockley, Florence Christopoulos, Arthur Allen, and Bertha Merritt. Margaret Reynolds acted as chairman.

We believe that we have improved in our public speaking sufficiently so that we shall be able to give a public performance beside taking charge of one of the school assemblies.

Through our training we hope to be able to talk before a group of people effectively, and with poise and self-assuredness.

Bertha Merritt, '36.

SHAWME ORCHESTRA

On June 2, 1935, the Shawme Orchestra attended the third annual convention of the New England Music Festival Association which was held at Hampton Beach, New Hampshire. Our orchestra received high honors there.

Since school opened in September, the orchestra has played at several functions. The highest praise should be given to Mr. Querze who has worked tirelessly to make this group of young musicians into a fine organization.

The officers of the orchestra this year are:—

Leader—Mr. Adolf Querze.

President—Aili Tyback.

Secretary-Treasurer—Constance Mullaly.

The members of the orchestra are:

Violins—A. Tyback, R. Chase, E. Parsinen, B. Harris, P. Davis, F. Anderson, Y. Querze.
'Cello—C. Mullaly, L. Harrison, J. Raymond.
Flute—C. Parks, L. Crowell.
Oboe—H. Coppi.
Bassoon—J. Consoni.
Clarinet—B. French, L. Huntley.
Trumpet—M. Harrison, V. Handy.
French Horn—E. French.
Trombone—W. Russell, F. Keene.
Tuba—C. Neal.
Saxaphones—B. Brownson, R. Davis, R. Harris, R. Foster, E. Rafferty.
Piano—H. Lenihan.
Percussion—B. Swift, L. Jacobs, L. Burgess, R. Metcalf.

THE NEW BUILDING

Yes, without a particle of room for discussion we need it. Thirty-six years ago the present high school was built; it was considered gigantic by the awe-inspired members of the student body, who were sixty-five in number. The great main room stretched for seeming miles, making one seem a small, most insignificant sinner, who really had no business there.

But now the scene in the main door during an assembly does anything but indicate spaciousness. The pupils are jammed against the walls, two in a chair, perched upon the window sills until the walls seem to fairly bulge with humanity. The restless young people and squeaking chairs almost entirely drown out the speaker who fights bravely against his too numerous foes. How can one benefit by or enjoy a lecture under such circumstances? Certainly, it is quite impossible.

When the fire destroyed a portion of the building last June, a problem arose as to the wisdom of rebuilding. A new building was decided upon, one which should join the old reconditioned one. The new structure will have many improvements that will rate it as one of the best schools on the Cape.

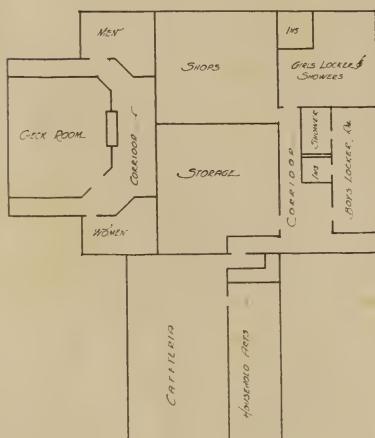
New plumbing will be installed in the old building. The compressed steam will give us uniform heat throughout the

old and new buildings. That will put an end to uncertainty, and cold draughts on the back of the neck, which were formerly remedied by fur coats only!

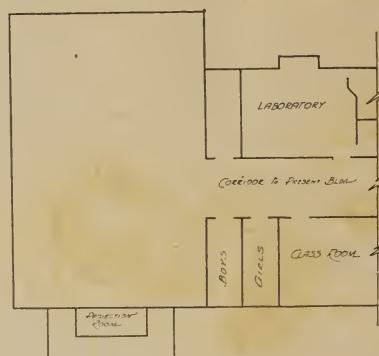
The new "gymnatorium" will be the greatest attraction of the structure. For basketball games, there will be ample space for two rows of seats along the walls, and also enough space to allow the players to play to their utmost capacity without falling into the laps of the spectators. This will relieve the nerves of the ladies who are always in fear of having their hats, not to mention their heads, knocked off by the hard-flung, inflated ball.

But best of all will be the new laboratory. It will be particularly welcome after the crowded, inconvenient laboratory

GROUND FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



The floor plan illustrates a school layout. On the left, a large room is labeled 'STAGE'. Below it is a room labeled 'GYMNASIUM'. To the right of the stage is a long corridor labeled 'CORRIDOR'. Along this corridor are several rooms: 'PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE', 'CLERKS SPACE', 'SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE', and 'BOOKS ROOM'. At the end of the corridor are three sets of doors labeled 'BOYS', 'GIRLS', and 'HALL'. To the right of these doors is a room labeled 'CLASS ROOM'.

FIRST FLOOR PLAN

in the cellar which we have this year. Tables will have chromium-plated fixtures, gas, and hot, and cold water. At the head of the room will be a platform with a laboratory bench (also outfitted with gas, and hot and cold water) where Mr. Stahura will give his lectures, and conduct the experiments with even greater ease and fluency than before. In one corner will be the dark room, where the most curious of laboratory material will be kept, and two large store rooms for the new material. On one wall there will be a large aquarium. On walking down the corridor before the "lab" door, one will find specimens of tropical beauties, flashing in their lighted globe. What an attraction for the Biology classes.

Another department will be taken care of in the new Home Economics room. This has long been needed, since the present quarters are decidedly crowded. The room will have new and up-to-date equipment which is rather necessary since the department is a growing one.

In the basement, which is well lighted by large windows there will be a modern cafeteria much larger than the present, and glistening with white porcelain. How very professional Mrs. Bolles and her staff will look in these new surroundings! Also in this spacious basement there will be two large shops which can be used for teaching agriculture or mechanics as well as manual training.

The new showers are as fine an improvement as one could wish. It is very uncomfortable as well as unhealthy to take physical education in the clothes which are to be worn all through the day. To be thrust, sweating and hot into a cold wet atmosphere to walk up the long hill to the high school really is very bad for the pupils. When the showers and the new gym are completed everyone will wear regulation gym clothes and be required to take a shower after class. That certainly will make us more alert and healthy all through the day, instead of, as it is now, causing us to be fatigued, and opening up the road for colds and coughs.

The plans which accompany this article will give in more detail the construction.

Although this article is of great interest to lower classmen it is rather a boring and uncomfortable subject for seniors to read and think about? Something tells us that when the new school term rolls around next September, there will be an abundant crop of post graduates!

Jane Raymond, '36.



ALUMNI

1930

Priscilla Greenfield—Simmons College.
Wilfrid Nelson—Northeastern University.

1931

Ruth Avery—Mass. State College.
Priscilla Barlow—Hyannis State Normal.
Doris Bellamy—Simmons College.
Rachel Bourne—Simmons College.
Raymond Cook—Bridgewater State College.
Katharine Merritt—Simmons College.

1932

Earl Chase—Massachusetts State College.
Constantine Coppi—Boston University.
Ralph Ellis—Franklin Union.
Richard Jackson—Swain School of Design.
Caroline Lindberg—Bridgewater State College.
Margaret Ortolani—Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.
Hope Swift—B. U. Sargent School of Physical Education.
Irene Taber—Deaconess Hospital.

1933

Virginia Chase—Bridgewater State College.
Margaret Hyllestad—St. Luke's Hospital.
Verna Jacobs—Fisher's Business School.
Edward Koskela—Bridgewater State Normal School.
James Peebles—Bridgewater State Normal School.
Rita Lindberg—St. Luke's Hospital.
Edward Sanford—Northeastern University.
Edward Watt—Glendale Airport, California.

1934

Marion Brown—Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

Charles Christopulos—Harvard University.

Ruth Colbeth—New England Conservatory of Music.

Marion Eldridge—Pine Manor, Wellesley.

Irving Gibbs—Brown University.

Ugo Tassinari—Holy Cross College.

Rena Van Buskirk—Massachusetts Memorial Hospital.

WIT



HUMOR

A TYPEWRITING CATASTROPHE

'Twas Typewriting class in Period one.
There sat poor me with my lesson half done.
Miss Marr rang the gong, and the seniors set out
To clatter through speed sheets, while I was in doubt
Over two-lettered words, an exercise new,
And misunderstanding I typed the page through.
The seniors all stopped at the sound of the gong,
But bobbling Barbara galloped right on.
Miss Marr said, "Methinks that the British are coming!
I hear Paul Revere's horse's hoofbeats drum-drumming!"
The class hesitated and harked to the noise,
An audible titter arose from the boys,
For lo and behold—'twas I, not Revere,
Aplunking away, undauntedly near!
Becoming quite conscious of quiet around me,
I lifted my eyes—many grins did I see.
I tried to explain my galloping gait,
When Miss Marr informed me—two whole pages late—
That I needed to do the words only once!
The astounding truth dawned on the world's biggest dunce,
As meekly I started my page over new;
I think it was just simply awful, don't you?

Barbara Harris, '35.

* * * * *

OUR OWN DICTIONARY

Guillotine—Instrument used to give Frenchmen a close shave.
Hitler—Another name for Germany.
Banana Peel—A food article that brings the weight down.
Diplomat—man who remembers a lady's birthday, but not her age.
Wind—Air in a hurry.
Dust—Mud with the water squeezed out.
etc.—A sign used to show other people that you know more than you do.
Bachelor—A man who couldn't take "yes" for an answer.
Traffic Light—A little green light that changes to red as your car approaches.
Will Power—The ability to eat just **one** salted peanut.

BONERS

Taken from recent B. H. S. exam. papers

1. Chaucer's great work was "Cannabury tails".
2. The "cowl" was the knight-gown the Black Knight wore.
3. A Palmer (in "Ivanhoe") was a horse.
3. A tapestry is a kind of coin.
5. The subplot (of "Merchant of Venice") was where Bassanio chooses the casket and married her.
6. Moses was the man that invented the Moss code.
7. Cyrus, the Great, was the man who laid the trans-Atlantic cable under water.

* * * * *

I WONDER WHY

M. Fisher—goes to Hyannis?
G. Cristofori—is learning to dance?
D. Casagrandi—goes to certain parties?
R. Poland—takes French?
E. Van Buskirk—goes to all basketball games?
J. Palmer—sits in a certain seat 6th period?
B. Merritt—writes to Canada so often?
A. Tassinari—likes a back seat in the class-room?
M. McNamara—goes to Taunton?
L. Fogg—goes to the basketball games?
F. Christopoulos—likes to go to Boston?
M. Smith—is good at translating "L'Abbe Constantin"?
J. Smith—is called "Pokey"?
W. Sanford—is called "George"?

* * * * *

A 50-50 PROPOSITION

A well-dressed man at the X-Bar-Z ranch was eating lunch with the cowboys. Slim, one of the riders, noticed that the fastidious man took a clean handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his plate with it.

"Smatter?" sneered Slim. "Yuh skeered of gettin' germs?"

"I know it's a fifty-fifty proposition," apologized the visitor, "whether I get a germ or not; and if I should get a germ it would be a fifty-fifty proposition whether I contracted a disease or not; and if I should contract a disease it would be a fifty-fifty proposition whether I died or not."

"Yeh," agreed Slim laconically, "an' if yuh died—wa'al, I reckon it'd still be a fifty-fifty proposition."

MOVIE TITLES

After Office Hours	4 o'clock session
Evergreen	Freshmen
Unfinished Symphony	Boys' Quartette
The Band Plays On	Shawme Orchestra
Dancing Lady	Dorothy Casagrandi
Power	Mr. Coady
Student Tour	Seniors on Class Trip
A Successful Failure	Exams
Great Expectations	Raising mark from F to A
Limehouse Blues	Monday Mornings
The Battle	Basketball Games
Gold Diggers of 1935	Seniors
Forbidden	Passing Notes
Personality Kid	Florence Christopoulos

* * * * *

SONG TITLES

“Volga Boatman”	Stanley Cook
“Pardon My Southern Accent”	Charles Neal
“Absent Minded”	Bion Landers
“Happiness Ahead”	Vacation
“Flirtation Walk”	High School to Postoffice
“Congratulate Me”	Burgess Brownson
“Here Come the British”	Lunch Period
“The Last Round Up”	Graduation
“Dreamy Serenade”	Glee Club
“Talkin’ To Myself”	William Sanford
“Love Letters in the Sand”	John Smith
“So Help Me”	Anthony Tassinari
“Try To See It My Way”	David Ingerson
“Beauty Must Be Loved”	Elizabeth VanBuskirk
“Take a Number from One to Ten”	Math Class
“If I Had a Million Dollars”	Loring Huntley
“I Never Had a Chance”	Bill Howard
“Sophisticated Lady”	Mary McNamara

“Under Your Spell”	Miss Marr
“Have a Dream On Me”	M. Griffith
“Little Man You’ve Had a Busy Day”	R. Metcalf
“Not Bad”	B. on the report card
“Too Late”	D. McDermott
“And I still Do”	Carolyn Spencer
“Margy”	M. Lamborgini
“Let’s Call It A Day”	2:00 P. M.
“For All We Know”	We may never graduate
“I’ve Got Rhythm”	The typewriting class

* * * * *

Raise You One!

A young balloon pilot was being given his final examination by his superior officer prior to his graduation from the balloon school. The officer wanted to test the ingenuity of the fledgling.

“What would you do if you were in your balloon and a terrible thunderstorm came up around you?” inquired the officer.

“I’d drop ballast and rise above it.”

“Well, suppose after you did that you ran into another thunderstorm?”

“I’d drop ballast and rise above it.”

“And now suppose another storm comes up?”

“I’d drop ballast and rise above it,” he replied as before.

“Say, wait a minute, young man, where are you getting all this ballast?”

“Well, sir,” he replied without batting an eyelash, “I’m getting the ballast the same place you’re getting all your thunderstorms!”

* * * * *

Cruel

An Indian, who was visiting a trading post in the West, heard a white man play a piano for the first time.

The Indian gave this report on the piano: “Paleface, him punch teeth of the big box; big box, him holler.”

WIT AND HUMOR

Coady (In Geometry Class): "What is a polygon?"
Florence: "Ah-er-a dead parrot."

* * * * *

A SILENT PRAYER

Onward, pass onward,
Oh, time in thy flight.
Please make the bell ring
Before I recite.

A. Men

* * * * *

His Secret

Miss Tapper: "Really, John, your handwriting is terrible.
You must learn to write better."

John S.: "Well, if I did, you'd be finding fault with my
spelling."

* * * * *

Keep it Dark

They were scarcely seated before one sailor nudging his
ship-mate and pointing to the drop curtain asked:

"What does that word 'asbestos' mean?"

"Pipe down, and don't show your ignorance, that's Latin
for 'welcome,'" was the reply.

* * * * *

Telling Him

Smart Alec (boarding street car): "Well, Noah, is the
ark full?"

Conductor: "Not yet. Hop on. We need a monkey!"

* * * * *

Captain "Spider" Jones: All these in favor of this motion
say "aye". All those opposed to it will get their face
pushed in—motion carried!

A Little Girl's Essay on Animals

There are lots of different kinds of animals, wild ones, trained ones, and animals at the Theological Gardens.

You should be good to animals. Boys are sometimes mean to animals. Boys are mean to girls. Boys are dreadfully conceited. Some boys think they are just as good as girls. They think they are lots smarter than they aint.

When a boy grows up and you get engaged to him, he is your finance. Boys are horrid. This is all I know about animals.

(Canal-a-Gram 1923)

* * * * *

When having sentence structure this appeared on the board: "Bullets fired at crazy angels had punctured cushions, walls and windows of the car."

* * * * *

The following was found in a recipe book of a home economics student: "Sprinkle on the shelves a mixture of half borax and half sugar. This will poison every aunt that finds it."

* * * * *

Timid Referee at Basketball game: "Now, the last thing I wish for is unpleasantness."

Sandford: "Have you any more last wishes?"

* * * * *

In the composition of a studious Junior, we find the following: "Abraham Lincoln was born in a house that he helped his father to build."

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F. R. Johnson, Jeweler
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WE BUY OLD GOLD

One Too Many

The traffic cop got out his book and pressed his stubby pencil.

“What is your name?”

“John Smith.”

“No, your real name!” bawled the officer.

“Well, then, put me down as William Shakespeare.”

“That’s better. You can’t fool me with that John Smith stuff.”

PIANO TUNING

I am at Bourne every summer, and attend to a large number of pianos regularly. I visit also at other times.

Remember, I not only tune but REBUILD. Any factory task done in the home.

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Robt Poland ^{not}

Juniors Mamie Rovatti
 1935-36

"Gone Luerze" -

Dorothy R. Casagrande - "much
 Alba Masaloue" - one of ^{dine} Laughing
 Alba Casanova - "Pete" Quattet

Guy ~~Lisztford~~ - Pussé

Lester H. Fogg

Margy Lamborghini
 Ida Borghi (Cania)

Robert ~~Wittoff~~
 David Engerson

Carleton Handy

Betha ~~Marie~~

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Sagamore, Mass.

Walk-Over Shop

for MEN - WOMEN

A. Issokson
Falmouth

About Hamburger

Copper: "See here, what's the idea of grinding up the hind part of a cow and the hind part of a horse and selling it as hamburger?"

Butcher: "Can't help it, officer. I'm just trying to make both ends meat."

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* * * * *

**A Checking or Savings Account with us
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* * * * *

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Elizabeth Van Buskirk.
Annie J. Hunt
Mary E. Smith
William Howard (Lefty)
Mathias Lazaro (Mart)
Amy E. Young
Anthony Lassina (Tazzo)
John L. Smith
Loring Hunt 4
Burgess Brownson
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William Sanford
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A New Groom Speaks Mean

Bride: "I cooked the supper tonight, darling. Guess what you're going to get."

Groom: "Indigestion".

* * * * *

Another student's theme started off thus: "There's something sort of pathetic about a house fly sitting on the radiator of a truck." (He got an A)

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Warm Reception

Mr. Stahura: "Do you think paper can be used effectively to keep people warm?"

Huntley: "I should say so! The last report card I brought home kept the family hot for a week."

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Cowboy (To stranger): "Are you Sam Smith?"

Stranger: "No!"

Cowboy: "Wal, I am, and that's his horse your getting on."

* * * * *

Notice on the blackboard: "The Juniors attending the Junior party are urged to bring canned gods."

After the Severe Winter, take our
"Reconotone" for a Spring Tonic

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Dr. E. F. Curry

Sagamore, Mass.

Compliments of

A & P

Wareham, Mass.

Feminine Advice

Lady Weevil: "I don't know whether to go out with the big weevil or the little one."

Another Lady Weevil: "Well, why not choose the lesser of two weevils."

* * * * *

Robert (trying to recall alphabet): "What comes after 'O'?"

Smith: "Yeah!"

Compliments of

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Wareham

Tel. 15

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First National Store

Buzzards Bay

Nathan Harris, Mgr.

Compliments of

McLean's Barber Shop

and BEAUTY PARLOR

Buzzards Bay

Another Bank Failure

The instructor gave his final command. "Now, remember the maneuver—first you dive, then slip into a bank."

There came a moaning of wires, a splintering of glass and wood. Then the bright voice of the student followed the echoes of the crash.

"Here we are, sir. The First National was the only bank around."

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